## The Appearance of Lord Krsna #4

## Childhood Pastimes Puppet Shows

From Krsna Book Chapters 1- 6

Adapted by Bibhavati devi dasi

Note - These lyrics were not widely published and are not very well known. A few of the earliest Iskcon devotees made tapes and puppet shows to amuse their young children. I'm guessing at about 1970. Some of these devotees were Bibhavati dasi, Locan dasa and Nayanbhiram dasa. They told me that they made 3 tapes and one tape was lost. All the words are sung except for those of the Narrator. If anyone has more of these lyrics, please let us know. - RD dasa.

**Krsna's Birth**

Narrator: When the time came for Lord Krsna's birth
It was very peaceful upon the earth.
Up in the sky, the stars were bright
Lord Krsna would be born tonight

In town and village and pasturing ground
There were good omens all around.
And the rivers flowed more gently than before And the lotuses grew on the pretty lakeshore.

The wind over the flowers made a nice scented Breeze And the sense of touch had a new wonderful Power to please.

The homes of the Brahmanas were quite nice
For the purpose of offering sacrifice.
Their minds just naturally felt delight
To hear all the demigods recite
A glorious message of joy and mirth
Lord Krsna is going to take His birth!

Hear the songs of the Gandarvas and Kanaras
And the words of the Siddhas and Caranas!
The wives of the angels in the heavenly planets
Along with their husbands began to dance

Song: Om namo Bhagavate Vasudevaya.

Narrator: The sages and demigods were very pleased
And they threw showers of flowers into the breeze.
The waves were gentle upon the sea
And the thunder rumbled peacefully.
When everything was going on just right
Lord Krsna appeared in the darkness of night.

Vasudeva: Devaki, my queen, do you see before us
A baby with conch, club, disc and lotus?
This baby is different.
His body is covered with ornaments.

Devaki, I understand it well,
Krsna is born in our dungeon cell.
I hardly can believe what I am seeing
Because I am a simple human being.

And also I am wondering what shall be done
To celebrate the birth day of my son.
I want to give cows in charity!
Which I would do if I were free.
But no cows in jail do I find,
I'll have to give cows by thinking it in my mind.
0 little Krsna, since you are here
I don't have any cause for fear.

You look like a baby in Devaki's arms,
But You expand in a million forms.
In Mother Devaki's arms you lie
But by Your power the demons will die.
Kamsa is coming with his sword
To try to kill the Supreme Lord
But my son, Krsna, is so strong,
He shows the demons that they are wrong.

My dear Lord and my new Son, You are the most wonderful One. You have many incarnations That are free from contamination, I offer my obeisances to You Because You are really Lord Vishnu.

Krsna: Three times I have been your little Son,
What a nice service you have done!
Now, take me to Yasoda Mata
And trade Me for her little daughter,

Then, when Kamsa tries to kill me,
He will look very silly.

Narrator: Yogamaya knows how to fly
Out of his reach into the sky.
Yogamaya, by her casting a spell,
Freed Vasudeva from the dungeon cell.

She broke the chains, opened all the doors
And the jailhouse rang with the jailer's snores! (Snoring sounds)
The night was dark and the way unclear,
Until a light from Krsna did appear.

Vasudev stepped into the rain and flood
And the Sesa Naga covered Him with his hood.
And when they came to the bank of the Yamuna River,
She parted her waves and let them cross over.

Vasudeva: Here is the house of Yasoda Mayi,
I will give her a baby girl as a trade
To Kamsa for the promise I made.

Now the rascal who stole the Yadu crown
This night shall start to scowl and frown
Back to the jail, my path I take
Before the sleeping prison guards wake.
(Music. Vasudev returns to his prison cell. Baby cries)

Kamsa: Did I hear a baby cry? (lullaby)
Devaki's singing a lullaby!

Servant: 0 King! Devaki's got a child this morn!

Kamsa: Now the cruel death of my life is born!
This baby is the fearful number eight,
Predicted by the voice of Fate!
I'm so afraid! What will I do?

Servant: Hey, kill him before he kills you!

Devaki: This baby is a girl, don't you see?
That was not foretold by prophecy.

I beg you to spare this little one
She shall be given in marriage to your son.

Kamsa: I have a hard heart you'll find
So don't try to change my mind.
All your children do I condemn to an early Death!
You cannot save them.

Yogamaya: I am Krsna's Energy - Kamsa, you rascal!
How can you kill me?

The child that will kill you one fine day

Took birth somewhere yesterday.

Don't be so cruel to your poor sister dear

And kill off her babies out of fear.

Kamsa: Ohhhh, what I've done to Devaki was no good,
Now I'm in a better mood.
Ohhh, let me put an end to all their pains
And take off all of their chains.

My dear sister, could you please forgive
All the bad things I did so I could live?
I did not really do what I wanted
I think that I was ghostly haunted.

I've acted like such a demon as well,
I'll probably go to Brahman-killer Hell.

The message from heaven,
To my surprise did not come true!
Do demigods speak lies?

My dear brother-in-law and sister
Don't chastise me!
And excuse me! (He cries)

Ohhhh, you are both great-hearted
And I am so small-hearted.
How can two great souls
Fail to be sorry for a sinful wretch like me?

Vasudeva: My dear Kamsa, I forgive you;
Devaki and I both love you.
You were forced to act quite badly
Because you wanted to save your body.

But all the bodies one day die;
Study the soul and find out why.
Do you know what is life□s goal,
To find out you are spirit soul?

Kamsa: 0h, Vasudev, a good man tries
To serve Krsna when he can
By the power of your preaching
I finally understand the teachings.
(music)

Servants: Our dear Kamsa! Kamsa ki jai!
Ha Ha, hey Kamsa, what happened last night?
Did you kill Him?

Kamsa: Now, all my friends and helpers please hear
Last night I became free of fear!
Yogamaya flew into the sky
And in a loud voice she did cry

□Krsna is already born,□ said she.
□You must act more mercifully.□
And Vasudev showed me the goal,
To realize that I am a spirit soul.

Servants: Oh no! Kamsa be brave!
Don□t be a stupid slave!
They□re doing their best, can□t you see
To turn you into a Devotee!

Servant #1: We must be sure to fight against their power
The demigods are trying to take over!
The source of all their strength is Lord Vishnu,
So this is what is what we have to do -
Destroy the sages, the cows and the ghee!

These three things are the key.

Vishnu is cows and Vedas and Brahmanas,
Sacrifice, charity and Vaisnavas.

All: If Krsna thinks these things are great,
Then these are the very things we hate!!

Kamsa: Ha Ha Ha!!
Come then, rascals, here's my plan:
Kill every devotee and saintly man!!
To destroy Krsna is what we seek.
We'll be doing it until the show next week!

All: Yeah! Grrrr!!
(all exit. Music)

Gargamuni Conducts The Name Giving Ceremony

Song: 0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

Krsna is so powerful that by His grace
The demons will have to leave this place
He's the One to keep your eye on
For He is equal to Narayana.

Gopis how can I punish Him
When all I feel is love for Him?

0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

Narrator: Poor Vasudeva was separated from
His two Sons, Krsna and Balarama.
Although Nanda gave Krsna all protection,
Vasudeva still thought of Him with affection.

And as a father, he took the opportunity

To send the astrologer, Gargamuni.
To find out the two boys future hopes,
Gargamuni would do their horoscopes.

Gargamuni: Vasudeva has sent me
To perform the name giving ceremony
For his two Sons Who are in hiding
Where Nanda Maharaj is residing.

Nanda: What saintly person now does brighten
The door of my home
And come to enlighten?

I will arrange a celebration,
For You are teaching self-realization.
Otherwise, why would You come
To a householder s fallen family home?

Gargamuni: Nanda, I was sent by Vasudeva
This is the request he gave
Please find Krsna s future life.
Will it be full of danger and strife?
The planets when He was born,
The future calamities forewarn.
For Balarama, do the same,
And give both of my Boys a name!

Nanda: Oh, Yasoda! It s Their name-giving day!
Go and bring my Sons, right away!

Yasoda: Krsna! Balarama! Where are You?
I have something to tell You.
Please don t crawl away
To sleep upon a pile of hay,

Krsna and Balarama are in the care
Of an elderly gopi over there.
I will hold them upon my knee
To hear Their name-giving ceremony.

Gargamuni: Incidentally, it appears to me,
That Krsna is the Son of Devaki!

Yasoda: Oh my, how can this be?
By what mystic potency?

Gargamuni: We must have a quiet ceremony
In order to avoid a calamity.
Secrecy must be the answer
To avoid the wrath of Kamsa.

Nanda: If you think that there is danger
From the wicked Kamsa's anger,
We'll have a secret ceremony, instead.
In the Cowshed!

Gargamuni: With Vedic Hymns I will purify
And Their future I will prophesize.
Come, little fellow, please come,
Your name will be Balarama.

And because of the strength you have
Your other name will be Baladev
And when you are in expansion
Your name will be Sankarsana.

Yasoda: Now everyone please chant
Over our newest descendant
As you chant the Vedic Hymn,
It will surely purify Him.

Gargamuni: As far as this <u>Other</u> boy is concerned
There are amazing things to be learned
He has had many names and complexions,
All of which were filled with all perfection.
He once was white and red and yellow
And now He is a blackish little Fellow.

When He is older, I foresee

That He will lift up the Goverdhan Hill!

Nanda: What!? My little Krsna's fate
Is so hard to appreciate!

Gargamuni: This Child is so powerful, that by His Grace

The demons will have to leave this place.

Nanda: My Son is so powerful that by His grace
All the demons will have to leave this place.

Gargamuni: The demons will try to affect Him
So you should be very careful
And protect Him!

Nanda: Oh, I am very satisfied
I am full of love and pride!
I am such a proud father
With two Sons unlike any others!

Krsna is so powerful that by His grace
The demons will have to leave this place.

Gargamuni: He's a Child to keep your eye on
For He is equal to Narayana!

Narrator: A short time after the ceremonies
Krsna and Balarama were crawling
On Their hands and knees
Their mothers were both very pleased
To see How They could crawl
On Their hands and knees.

Yasoda: The bells on Their waists tinkle so sweetly
They both have captured my heart completely!
See how They glance back at us teasingly
Krsna does everything pleasingly.

Gopi: On no, You little rascals, no!
Back to Your mothers
You'd better go!

Yasoda: Just see, that angry gopi's made
Our little Boys afraid!
(softly) Don't be afraid.

Rohini what is that thud?
Why, Krsna fell in the mud!

Rohini: See all the clay They have got on
Mixed with sandalwood and saffron!

Narrator: The two mothers thought their small Sons needed them
To take Them on their laps and feed Them.

Yasoda: Oh, Rohini do you know
How these Babies are starting to grow?
Soon, little Krsna will start to walk!

Rohini: And soon little Balarama will start to talk!

Narrator: And as the Boys began to grow
To the cowshed They would go
And grab a hold of a little calf's tail
And the calf would run
With Them on it's trail!

Yasoda: Oh see how the calf does run!
Krsna's covered with cow dung!
Come and see the fun!
Krsna is dragged where the calf does run!
Come and see what They have done!

Narrator: Krsna and Balarama were just so restless
That They left Their mothers breathless.
The mothers always tried to protect Them,
From the things that may affect Them.
(monkey sounds)

Yasoda: Go away! Be gone!
Monkeys, don't attack my son!
(cow sound)

Rohini: What is bothering Balarama, now?
Go away, you pesky cow!
(bird sounds)

Yasoda: Is that Krsna's cry I heard?
He is being bothered by a bird!
Go away! Shoo!
Who invited you,

To come and bother Krsna, too?

Both Mothers: Watch out for the water
Watch out for fire
Water will drown
And fire will make You hotter.

Don't touch the fire or it will burn
And don't touch the water until you've learned.
We spend our days in teaching Them
To watch out for the things that threaten Them.
But we are always on the run.
And do not get our duties done!

**The Putana Witch**

Song: 0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

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The demons will have to leave this place
He's the One to keep your eye on
For He is equal to Narayana.

Gopis how can I punish Him
When all I feel is love for Him?

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Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

(long laughter, then ominous music to introduce the verses about the Putana witch. Change scene to Kamsa's palace.)

Kamsa: Well, my wizard, if you think that you are Wise
I want to find out what to do
To kill that child with skin so blue
Krsna is my enemy
So I must kill Him before He kills me!

Wizard: 0 Kamsa, to kill Him off without a hitch
You'd better call upon a witch.
And of all the witches I have seen
The one called Putana is the queen!

Kamsa: (calling) Putana, my dear! Putana, my dear!
Climb upon a tree that's near
And get your ugly body here!

Putana: Here, Kamsa has called me to condemn someone To death,
I'll poison Them ! Ha Ha Ha!

Who is my next victim?
Tell me quick!
I'll poison them with a witches stick!
Ha ha ha!

Kamsa: 0 Putana, so beautiful, so wise ...
Hmmmm, I love those bags under your eyes ...
And so, Putana my witch,
This project must have no hitch!

You must send Krsna to His tomb
And seal that sweet baby's doom!
He is in Braja, quiet and green
Content upon His mother's knee.

But, if you go there, it would be wise
To... well uh, dress up in a nice disguise.
Your face is just so gross and black
Heh heh - they'll think that you're demoniac!

Anyway, it's up to you.
I have faith in what you do!
At killing children , you're the best around
In town or village or pasturing ground!

Putana: I'm so happy, I could scream!
Kamsa has a charming scheme!
I love to kill the innocent

By offering them my nourishment.

Just to let them suck my breast
While I hold them close against my chest
Before they have a chance to cry -
They drink some poison and they die!
Ha ha ha!

My little gopi friends they□ll find
They□re in for a big surprise.
Here I come!
(music. Putana enters disguised as a beautiful lady.)

With my sweet verse, I will be Krsna□s Friendly nurse!
(sings) 0 happiness, 0 joy!
Nanda Maharaj has a baby boy.
Gopis please come hurry on
To Nanda□s place in Vraja Dham.
Ha ha!

Rohini: Here comes a lady sweet and fair
With shiny eyes and curly hair.
I wonder where she has come from
And what is the reason she has come.

She must be a demigod□s good wife.
I□ve never seen such a beauty in my life.
With her nice thin waist and such raised hips,
Swollen breasts and pretty red lips.

She wears a sari made of silk
And wants to feed Krsna with her milk!

Putana: This baby could destroy the whole universe
And now I□ve come to be His nurse.
I feel something really odd,
This baby is really God!

But He does not seem to be too wise
Because He is closing tightly His eyes.
I will pretend to be His mother
Just as harmless as any other

I'll feed Him with my poison breasts
And send Him to His deadly rest.
Come little Krsna on my lap
You are a pretty little Chap!

Yasoda: Shouldn't we have caution?
Actually, we don't know her...
But her face is very nice,
I wish we had some good advice!

Putana: 0 Child, leave me! Leave me!
Oh, I'm dying because of You!
Oh, I'm dying. Krsna, is this very fair,
That you suck my milk and my very life air?!
(crash, wind sound effects)

Nanda: Ohhh, thunderbolts are falling!
Surely some demon has fallen!

Upananda: The whole ground begins to shake
There must be a big earthquake

Nanda: Oh, come and see the witch's queen,
What a terrible ghastly scene!

Upanada: Her arms are in a scattered pose,
For twelve miles her body goes.

Nanda: Her teeth are just like plowed roads
And a mountain cave is like her nose.

Upananda: Her breasts are just like two small hills
And her eye sockets are like two dark wells.

Nanda: Her legs are like the banks of the river
And her hands are like bridges to cross over It.

Upananda: Her abdomen is like a dried up lake
What a shocking noise did she just make.

Nanda: Oh, she shocked our ears most wrongly
And made our hearts beat strongly!

Yasoda: Krsna's playing on the witch's breast
I do not think that this is best.
Take Him off as soon as you can
So He may grow up to be a man!

Rohini: The important thing we must do now
Is walk around Him with the tail of a cow.

Yasoda: Also, we certainly must
Throw on Him the cow's dust.
And to show Him our deep concern
Bathe Him with the cow's urine.

Rohini: You heed Mother Yasoda's wishes
All these things are so auspicious!
Another thing that we must do
Is chant twelve names of Lord Vishnu.

Wash your feet and sip clean water
Then all of us must chant the mantras.

Yasoda: May Lord Krsna protect Your thighs

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your legs

Yasoda: May Lord Achutya protect Your arms

Rohini: May Lord Hayagriva protect Your abdomen

Yasoda: May Lord Kesava protect Your heart

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your eyes

Yasoda: May Lord Urukrama protect Your face

Rohini: May Lord Isvare protect Your head

Yasoda: May Lord Cakradhara protect Your front

Rohini: May Lord Gadadhara protect Your back

Yasoda: May Lord Mahusudhana protect Your eyesight

Rohini: May Lord Vishnu protect Your left side

Yasoda: May Lord Tarksya protect You from below

Rohini: May Lord Upendra protect You from above

Yasoda: May Lord Hadhara protect You from all sides

Rohini: May Lord Hrishikesa protect all Your senses

Yasoda: May Lord Narayana protect Your breath.

All: Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Yasoda: Now, the Child may safely rest,
I will take Him to my breast.
Here come all the cowherd men to see
This witch's great monstrosity.

Upananda: This witch's body is unclean
Let's burn up this ugly scene
We'll cut her up for firewood
And then she'll be done for good!

Nanda: That Putana was such nonsense,
Her body smells like incense!
So much smoke from her big fire,
It smells like perfume,
It does inspire!

I feel like singing Krsna's name
As we dance around her flames!

All: Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

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**Krsna Kills Trnavartasura**

Gopi: Gopis dear have You been told?
Baby Krsna's one year old!
Come let us go and see,
He's crawling on His hands and knees.
(repeat)

Nanda: Here comes the cowherd men to see
Krsna's first birthday ceremony
I will welcome all the clan
By hiring a music band!
(music)

Here the pious Brahmanas come
Chanting hymns to sanctify my home.

Gopi: I will go and give a toy!
We are going to celebrate
The birthday of Someone very great

Hurry, hurry , gopis dear,
We are going too slow, I fear.

Because we are so nicely dressed
And we want to look our best.

My garland is falling down in showers
Covering the road with flowers.
On my body are kum kum smears
And pearls are dangling from my ears.

We gopis want to hurry on
To Nanda□s house in Vraja Dham.

Gopa: Oh, I□m very happy now
To give little Krsna this fine cow
For His birthday celebration,
A time of happy jubilation.

I put my new silk turban on,
Now all my troubles are surely gone
For this is a most, most happy day.
A wonderful baby has come to stay.

To the palace of our king,
We all have costly gifts to bring.

Nanda: Welcome, gopis of the Dham!
How very nice of you all to come!
How very beautiful you look!
What nice dishes did you cook?

You have brought a heavy load
As you came along the road.
Thank you. Thank you, everyone,
For coming to see my Son!

Yasoda: If you want to come and see
Here is Krsna on my knee!

Gopi: Dear Child, You live long just to protect us!
How Your beauty does affect us!
Tumeric, yogurt, milk and water
We sprinkle on You and on Your father.

All Gopis: We are having so much fun,
Sprinkling it on everyone!
(giggles)

Yasoda: See the funny gopis there,
Throwing yogurt everywhere!
Let us join in the happy mood,
And throw around the sacred food!

Now I will give Baby Krsna a bath
Come, I will bathe.
Get the towel and give it to
This Brahmana here

I am feeling very proud
To bathe my Son in front of this crowd
Of relatives, well-wishers and such nice friends
And Brahmanas to help us keep Krsna safe.

I will give away some grain
And ask the Brahmanas to pray for rain.
And, as my little Son I hold
I will distribute lots of gold,
As I place Baby Krsna here underneath this Cart to rest.
(Yasoda places Krsna under cart.
Kirtan, then Baby cries are heard)

Gopi: Oh dear, what to do?
Miss your mother, do you?
Yasoda has left her Baby here
And now He□s hungry for milk I fear.

I□ll have to go and find her
And of her duty I shall remind her.
This child has been left under a cart
And now He□s crying as if to break His heart!

His loud cry is sounding angry
Baby Krsna must be very hungry!
Mother Yasoda! Mother Yasoda!
I wonder where she went,
And who will give Krsna nourishment?

Baby Krsna could not talk
And He could not even walk
Still, He never did expect
To undergo so much neglect
If he could have said a word,
What angry words we would have heard!
Instead, He kicked His tiny legs
To express His baby rage.

Yasoda: Krsna is not a normal child
And the cart with pots was piled high.
Somehow, with one kicking stroke
The wheel fell off and the big cart broke.

Down the pots and utensils fell
Making a terrible noise as well!
Oh, what an inauspicious event
Has taken place with my absence!

Now I can only lament my foolishness
And just repent
Krsna, my poor baby, this cart
May have fallen on You and broken my heart!

Nanda: Now, it□s up to me, I guess,
To straighten up this awful mess!
Everyone else can go and see
The Brahmanas perform a fire ceremony!

The offerings there will be
Yogurt and grass, water and ghee.

All: Jai! Hari Bol! Hari Bol!
When the sacrifice is made
We need no longer be afraid!

We take the Brahmanas advice
And offer the Lord His Sacrifice.
They perform their ceremonies with sacred vows
And so, we all offer them many cows.

Narrator: Not many days had gone by
When Yasoda again had reason to cry.
In spite of all the Vedic hymns and chants
A demon led Krsna on a merry dance.

Mother Yasoda was carrying Krsna about
And with the housework helping out,
She carried Krsna in her arms
To keep Him safe from any harm

Then she put Him on the Ground
Because He weighed so many pounds.
She had to do her household chores
And leave dear Krsna on the floor.

All of a sudden a terrible fiend
Took the shape of a big whirlwind.
(wind and music)

Yasoda: I cannot even see the sun!
Oh, what a terrible wind and dust!
Oh why are these demons pestering us?

Where is my baby? Where can He be?
Without the sun I cannot even see!
Listen to His little cry
Is that Him up there in the sky?

0 Krsna! Krsna!
Why does this great catastrophe
Have to happen to Nanda and me???

Narrator: Meanwhile, the demon had to hesitate
Because Krsna assumed such a heavy weight,
He had to stop his whirlwind menace
For Krsna broke the very heart
Of the demon known as Trnavarta.

Trnavarta: Ohhh - a heavy load!
Is this Baby more than I can hold?
What is this all about? Amazing!
First I□m losing my eyes

Now I'm losing my incredible size!!
(CRASH!)

Yasoda: Hurry, dears!
Didn't he give an awful yell
When from the sky, this demon fell?
And why is Krsna playing there
In the demons beard and in his hair?

Oh no, do not let Him!
We must go and try to get Him!
Krsna has to grow up strong
And leave the demons where they belong.

Come, little Krsna, come away
Don't play with the demons that way!
Hide from Kamsa and Putana, Vrkasura and Trnavarta
Keep little Krsna safe from harm,
In Mother Yasoda's loving arms.

What was the reason that Krsna was saved
And didn't go to an early grave?
If you want to know the facts,
It's because of our pious acts.

Come little Krsna, come away
Don't play with the demons today
Hide from Kamsa and Putana,
Vrkasura and Trnavarta.

Keep little Krsna safe from harm,
In Mother Yasoda's loving arms.

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When all I feel is love for Him?

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Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?
(KIRTAN)

**Damodar Pastimes**

Song: Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see.

The rope is always a bit too small
To tie up the naughty Little Gopal.
His mother is quick to forgive and forget
Without Little Gopal, how could she live?

When Mother Yasoda churns butter so sweet
Gopal likes to have some to eat,
His cheeks are red like the bimba fruit
In his chubby hands He waves a flute.

Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see

Narrator: By Krsna's internal potency
Anyone who hears these rhymes
Of Krsna's childhood pastimes
Becomes happy and wise
And due to this he never dies.

Another time, Lord Krsna's mother
Took charge of churning the butter.
While she churned,it made her feel good
To sing about His childhood.

Lord Krsna, Who was still in His babyhood

Appeared before Yasoda and demanded food.
So, Mother Yasoda, with a loving smile,
Took Him on her lap for a while.

Song: When Mother Yasoda churns butter so sweet
Gopal likes to have some to eat
His cheeks are red like bimba fruit
In His chubby hand He waves a flute..

Yasoda: While I have been absorbed in my churning,
I forgot the milk; I smell it burning!
Now Krsna, I must put You down
Over here, upon the ground.

Narrator: Seeing His mother so busily engaged
Little Krsna became enraged!
Because He had been so forsaken
The butter pot He began breaking,
And with false tears gliding down His face,
Ate the butter in a secluded place.

Meanwhile, Mother Yasoda returned
After fixing the pot of milk that was burned.
Yasoda: Oh, here is a broken butter pot
And Krsna has hid
So He won't be caught!

I am beginning to enjoy
The naughty cleverness of that Boy!
He has done something violent
And left that place fearing punishment.

Narrator: After looking high and low
And up and down
Krsna was finally found
On a grinding mortar made of wood
Feeding the monkey butter as food.
In case His mother was coming near,
He looked this way and that way
Out of Fear.

Knowing what was on His mind,
Yasoda crept silently up from behind.

When Krsna saw her with a stick
He jumped from the mortar
And ran away quick.

With her heavy body and loosened hair
Yasoda ran after Him everywhere.
Krsna was enacting His pleasure
To flee From Yasoda,
Who was His great devotee.

She ran and ran as fast as she could
And finally captured her child for good.

When He was caught, He was almost crying
As if the stick were too terrifying.

Yasoda began to sympathize
When she saw Little Krsna rubbing His eyes.
Because her nature was loving and mild
She threw out the stick which upset her child.

Yasoda: If this Child is afraid of me
I do not know what the result will be!
I will be able to punish Him, I hope,
By tying Him up with a piece of rope.

Narrator: Yasoda thought that what she could do
Is tie a rope around the infinite.
She tied a rope for disciplining
The One without ending or beginning.

Although the senses cannot find Him
She tried to use a rope to bind Him.
And because of Krsna□s playful sport
The rope was always two inches too short.

Yasoda: There seems to be a shortage of cord
I□ll go to the house and get some more.
(She goes and collects more rope.)
Now I have connected all the ropes at home
This should bind Krsna and then some!
Now I cannot believe my senses,
This rope is short again by two inches!

(She goes out and comes back with more rope.) This is all the rope I have got And two inches too short, at the final knot!!

Narrator: Mother Yasoda was fast tiring
Although she smiled, she was perspiring.
She eventually admitted
That she had been nicely outwitted.

So Krsna decided to be kind
And let the rope be enough to bind
Him up to the wooden grinding mortar
Just to please His loving mother.

Krsna could see a pair of trees
So He started crawling on His hands and knees
And this is what the Lord was thinking:

Krsna: When I was her breast milk drinking
Mother Yasoda set me aside
And so in anger I did decide
To break the butter pot and eat the butter
Just to get back at my mother.

Now, with this rope, she has punished Me more,
So I shall do something naughtier than before!
I know that I can crawl with ease
Between those two Arjuna trees
And pull them down onto the ground
With a great crashing, booming sound!

Narrator: What Krsna did, if you want to know,
Will be the theme of next week s show!

Song: Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba trees
And loves the cows and calves, you see.

The rope is always a bit too short
To tie up the naughty Little Gopal
His mother is quick to forget
Without Little Gopal how could she live?

When Mother Yasoda churns butter so sweet

Gopal likes to have some to eat.
His cheeks are red like bimba fruits,
In His chubby hand He waves a flute.

All: 0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

Nanda: Krsna is so powerful that by His grace
The demons will have to leave this place
He's the One to keep your eye on
For He is equal to Narayana.

Yasoda: Gopis how can I punish Him
When all I feel is love for Him?

All: 0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

**The Liberation of Manigriva and Nalakuvera**

All: O happiness O joy
Nanda Maharaj has a baby Boy
When He was crawling on His hands and knees
He pulled down the twin Arjuna trees.

And out of the trees there did appear
Manigriva and Nalakuvera
They offered prayers with faith and love
And then returned to the heavens above.

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Hare Krsna Hare Krsna Krsna Krsna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare

Narrator: This is the story of the sons of Kuvera
Who were cursed by Narada to make them aware
That life isn't meant for wasting away

In foolishness and childish play.

Narada showed them the nectarine goal
The only treasure that will please the soul.
By his grace alone they were able to see
The glorious Son of Yasoda Mayi.

Krsna, the Lord and Master of All That Be,
Had descended on earth to benedict us all.
But now He was playing in a body so small
That in Nanda's courtyard He could simply crawl.

So our story begins with the sons of Kuvera
Manigriva and Nalakuvera.
Kuvera is the treasurer where the demigods dwell
With all his money his two sons fell.
And if you will all be quiet
This story we'll tell.
(Two men and two women are playing at
the river.)

Manigriva: Hey! Heh heh! Let's drunk lots of wine
And waste our time
With beautiful damsels
That look so fine!

Nalakuvera: Yeah! Who care about the rules and the regs?

Let's just drink ourselves down to the dregs.
We'll both enjoy before it's too late
'Cause you never know what will be our fate!
(laughter)

Narada Muni: (sings) Narada Muni bhaja vina Radhika Ramina
Namine...

1st Girl: Oh! There's Narada Muni coming this way,
He must not see us in this shameless play!

2nd Girl: Let us cover ourselves at once
Before he throws upon us his glance.
Oh, we have fallen so low and so far
With this Manigriva and Nalakuvera.

Narrator: But the sons of Kuvera had drunk so much wine
That they lost their good sense
And control of the mind.
They failed to cover their bodies with cloth
And they simply lounged in a stuporous sloth.
(Laughter. Music as scene is shown)

Narada Muni, sage of all sages
Cursed them to stand as trees through the ages.
For one hundred years of the demigods time
He cursed them to stand as straight as a line
In the bodies of trees, without any clothes
To protect them from the wind
Or from the snows.

One hundred years later,
In the yard of the Lord,
Baby Krsna was tied up with all kinds of cord
To a grinding mortar made of wood
Just to punish Him for not being good.
But though He was tiny and seemed like a child
He knew that the trees had stood for a while
And He knew of the curse that Narada had made
And so to benedict them He crawled toward them that day.

He pulled the mortar in between the trees
And then they came crashing down with all their leaves.
From out of the branches and brambles there shone
Two beautiful demigods who stood there alone
And beautiful prayers began to intone
To Sweet Little Krsna in the yard of His home.

Demigods: 0 Lord, You are the Master of All That Be
Forgive us for acting so foolishly!

Narrator: What Mother Yasoda did
If you want to know
Will be the theme of next week s show!

Song: Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see

The rope is always a bit too small
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Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see.

**The Butter Thief**

Song: Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see.

The rope is always a bit too small
To tie up the naughty Little Gopal.
His mother is quick to forgive and forget
Without Little Gopal, how could she live?

When Mother Yasoda churns butter so sweet
Gopal likes to have some to eat,
His cheeks are red like the bimba fruit
In his chubby hands He waves a flute.

Gopal is a cowherd boy
His cows and calves are full of joy
He plays beneath the kadamba tree
And loves the cows and calves, you see

Narrator: The pleasure of the mothers did improve
When the boys stood up and began to move.
The elderly gopis enjoined

To lodge complaints against the Boys.

And the crime that was worse than any other
Was Krsna and Balarama stealing butter!

Gopi: Krsna! Stop stealing that butter!

Gopi: Dear Yasoda, why don't you teach your Krsna
To stop stealing our butter hung out of His reach?
We have seen His smile of glee
As He feeds our butter to a monkey!

And Balarama said
When the monkeys were fed
That our butter and yogurt were no good,
For if anyone would eat it the monkeys would!

When our stock of butter finally fails
They pinch our babies and make them wail!

Yasoda: I have a feeling that you should keep
Your butter near the ceiling
Out of reach.
Also, it would be very nice
To keep it in a darker place.

Gopi: Oh no, Yasoda, by some kind of Grace
Krsna and Balarama can light up the place!

Yasoda: Then I think that it would be very wise
To take off all their ornaments.

Gopi: Oh no, Yasoda, what can we do
To darken the light of this Boy Who is Blue?
Even without jewels or anything
The light from this Boy brightens everything!

Yasoda: Gopis, do not be tearful
You must learn to be more careful!

Gopi: And then, when we begin to churn
Krsna sneaks into the kitchen And passes Urine.
Then to make it worse than before

Krsna and Balarama spit on the clean kitchen Floor!

Just see the face of your naughty Son!
How silent and good He has become!
You'll hardly believe that He has done
What we said in the spirit of naughty fun!

Song: 0 Happiness, O Joy
Nanda Maharaj has a little boy
When we see His beautiful face
How can we put Him in disgrace?

Krsna is so powerful that by His grace
The demons will have to leave this place
He's the One to keep your eye on
For He is equal to Narayana.

Gopis how can I punish Him
When all I feel is love for Him?

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